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that a provincial art collector of Roman times would have imported from Egypt. It would appear more likely that some chance had brought it to its eventual finding place from still more ancient ruins somewhere not far off.

The person whose name it bears was "The Nurse Satsneferu," evidently a member of the household of some personage of higher position in the world. Journeying into what were, in her days, distant lands, with all her native Egyptian fear of the unknown she had provided herself with a little portrait statuette to house her spirit in case she found her grave there. It was the custom of her countrymen in her day. Hepzefi, sent far into the Sudan as governor, had burdened himself with life-sized granite statues of himself and his wife to furnish his tomb if need arose. Satsneferu in her humbler way had to be content with a smaller statuette, but at least she had the fortune to have ordered it from an artist of considerable attainments. H. E. W.

MODELS OF BEAUTIFUL CANNON

IN matters of artistic taste, as Horace observed, man has no fixed standard: he is apt to be swayed by the fashion of the day; he follows his leader and sometimes outstrips him; in extreme cases he wears queer clothing, puts up a building like the "Familia Sagrada" in Barcelona, or tattoos his body. At critical periods he develops a state of mind in which his hobby is highly magnified, while all else loses perspective and value. When readjustment occurs, however, his most precious styles are apt to become distasteful. In referring to this mass-affecting aesthetic ailment, I recall a remark which a judicious friend (the painter Isham) made to me on the sill of a church in Saragossa. I had popped my head through a shabby leathern curtain and had seen an array of sunbursts of gilded carving. "Nothing worth while here, Sam—let's go," I said. "Wait a bit, my dear fellow," he answered, "I must have a look." So he wandered down the aisle, peered respectfully into tawdry chapels, where doll-like images were dressed

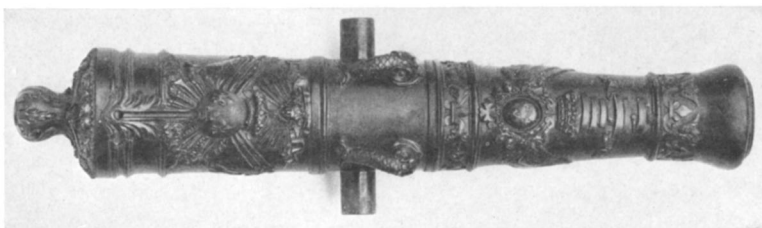
in tinsel and glittered with mock-jewels. "'Tis a wonderful example," he said in a hushed voice, and then, as he noted signs of disapproval in my eyebrows and shoulders—"You forget that for nearly a century Europeans looked upon this kind of thing as the expression of the best artistic taste that ever existed: it looks silly to us now, but some day, perhaps, people will make unpleasant remarks about our own decorations!"

I refer to this church, less indeed as an illustration of varying standards at different periods than as a symptom of a mild psychosis which could also account for the effort made by art-loving Europeans, especially during the eighteenth century, to produce as objects of art such evidently useless and usually uninteresting things as cannon in miniature—for produce them they did, and in number, in France, Holland, Germany, England, and where not. I recall at the moment the old Prussian country house of Count von der Marwitz (where the gay von der Marwitz lived whom Carlyle tells us about) where little cannon are standing just as they were placed there by the great Frederick himself—or in the hall of the country home of Burgermeister Six near Amsterdam, or even in our own Mount Vernon. In those days it was regarded proper and fitting that such things should be there: they were good-looking, some of them beautiful, and they touched the war vanity of the eighteenth-century mind filled with the glories of Condé, Turenne, Marlborough, and the bald-headed Marquis of Granby (who knows anything about Granby today?). In fact, that same mind had even a curious affection for them: people gave them poetical names, they liked to think of them and to have them about; they were willing even to spend a measurable part of their means (which meant much in days of the war-tax-gatherer) to have them cast in excellent bronze, blazoned and decorated in relief from mouth to breech, with rincaux, mantling, and personages. Nowhere else does one find better casting or more graceful ornamental reliefs. Just how the fashion of miniature cannon arose is another question: perhaps models made

by founders and carried to potentates or to ministries of war may have taken the fancy of the wealthy public. And small models there certainly were from the early sixteenth century onward: we have in fact one of them in our gallery (Case 41) cast in 1523 by a certain Petrus de Arena to the order of Charles V—a wonderful little affair, made in sections so that it could be taken apart for ease in transportation.

In spite of our changed standards of taste, for the fashion of cannon worship in art has long since faded away, we must admit that many of these objects will ever remain with us as delightful bibelots, which must be seen at close range to be judged. Fortunately we have a number

Inscriptions of the kind painted on this alabastron probably have little significance for most visitors to museums, yet they are interesting as records of a curious custom, as well as valuable to archaeologists. They are the "Kalos-names," or "Love-names," as they are sometimes called, found only on Attic vases, and chiefly on red-figured drinking-cups. The usual form is either a name with the word *Καλός*, "handsome," "fair," as "Megakles is handsome," or, instead of a name, the words *ὁ παῖς καλός*, "The lad is handsome," and less frequently *ἡ παῖς καλή*, "The girl is pretty." Sometimes the painter added an emphatic word, *ναίχι, κάρτα, νή Δία*; "Yes indeed," "Very," "By Zeus."



CANNON MODEL
FRENCH, XVIII CENTURY

of them in the Armor Gallery—some from the Riggs Collection, others lately borrowed from Theodore Offerman. Among the latter specimens (near Case 52) are five small cannon, mounted in naval fashion, which are of high quality and richly decorated.

B. D.

KALOS-NAMES ON ATTIC VASES

RUNNING round the flat lip of an alabastron (perfume-bottle) recently presented to the Museum by Welles Bosworth and now exhibited in Case A in the Fourth Room, are the words *Ἱππάρχος καλός, ναί*, "Hipparchos is handsome indeed." The vase with its graceful outline forming an unbroken curve, and its delicate decoration of black palmettes on a white ground, must have made an appropriate gift for a lad like the Lysis of Plato's dialogue, or the young Autolykos, whom Xenophon describes as drawing all eyes to him by his boyish strength and beauty.

There has been much discussion as to the exact meaning of these inscriptions. It now seems certain that most of them were compliments to the lads and young men admired in Athens for their personal beauty, their skill in athletic sports, and the elegance with which they lived. These cups could be offered as gifts to the young man himself, or given as "favors" at the fashionable drinking-parties to which he was invited. No doubt painters often made them a means of soliciting the patronage of a great family. In this womanless society the vogue of a charming young man was often very great, as readers of Plato, Lucian, and Xenophon will recall. The names found are usually those which we know to have been favorites in the aristocratic families of Attica. Some of them have been identified with great probability, and a very few with relative certainty. For example, the painter Euphronios, of the first half of the fifth century, used the names Leagros and Glaukon, son of Lea-